



MARANATHA



THE LORD IS AT HAND



F-46.205

J7775



FROM THE LIBRARY OF  
REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.  
BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO  
THE LIBRARY OF  
PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SCB  
14448











✓  
MARANATHA



"THE LORD IS AT HAND."

Poems on the Lord's Appearing.

✓  
BY

JOSEPHINE.

---

"AND since thy kingdom is now at hand, and Thou standest at the door, come forth out of thy royal chambers, Thou Prince of the kings of the earth ! Put on the visible robes of thy imperial majesty. Take up that unlimited sceptre which thy Almighty Father hath bequeathed Thee ; for the voice of thy Bride calls Thee, and all Nature sighs to be renewed."—MILTON.

---

LONDON:

MORGAN AND CHASE, 38, LUDGATE HILL.

AND MAY BE ORDERED OF ANY BOOKSELLER.









## PREFACE.

---



FIRM belief in the near approach of “the times of the restitution of all things, of which God hath spoken by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began,” has prompted the publication of the following Poems.

A few of them appeared some years ago in the pages of *The Sunday at Home*, but most will be new to the reader.

It was the glorious prospect of these “times of refreshing that shall come from the presence of the Lord,” that fired the soul of that true poet,



the author of "Jerusalem the Golden," when he sang,

"The world is very evil,  
The times are waxing late;  
Be sober and keep vigil,  
The Judge is at the gate!  
The Judge who comes in mercy,  
The Judge who comes in might  
To terminate the evil,  
And diadem the right."

And it is the same hope which finds expression in the humbler strains of this little volume, affectionately dedicated by the writer to all who long for "the benign benedictions of Messiah's reign."

*Highbury, May, 1869.*







## INDEX.

---

	Page
Calmly the household resteth . . .	59
Crowded on the sinking vessel . . .	74
Faint beats the languid pulse of Time . . .	28
Flowers ; faded, fragile flowers . . .	48
Gone from shadow into sunshine . . .	71
He sat among his lowly friends . . .	26
I know not if He come at eve . . .	9
I would not be asleep . . .	11
In the crowded street she dwelleth . . .	45
Loudly the scorner's laughter peals . . .	15
O glorious harp of prophecy . . .	55
See that ye be not troubled . . .	19
Shall we not miss him ? . . .	43
Sons of Abraham, seeking sadly . . .	21



	Page
Sore disquieted and weary . . .	33
Tired traveller, faint and flagging . . .	7
The Bridegroom cometh ! go ye forth . . .	61
The barren wilderness shall smile . . .	63
The blue Ægean's countless waves . . .	35
The labourers are few . . .	13
The night wind moaneth mournfully . . .	50
'Twas midnight, cold, and dark, and wild . . .	30
'Twas early morn ! The sultry air . . .	39
'Twas night ; a thoughtful mother sat . . .	66
Violets, violets, lovely violets . . .	77
"We would see Jesus." Hark ! . . .	53
When once Messiah's weary feet . . .	17
Where are the labourers ? <i>Where ?</i> . . .	13







## MARANATHA.

*"THE LORD IS AT HAND."*



FIRE traveller, faint and flagging,  
Rest thee 'neath the spreading bough ;  
Heavy drops, through weary toiling,  
Stand upon thy heated brow.

"Maranatha !

Friend, I may not linger now !"

Traveller ! rugged, dark, and lonesome,  
Winds the path that thou must tread ;  
*There*, the lurking chasm yawneth ;  
Yonder, tangled thorns are spread.

"Maranatha !

Evil shall not harm my head."



Traveller, thou wilt surely perish  
    'Mid the dangers of the way :  
Fall thou must, from very languor—  
    Heart shall fail and strength decay.  
    "Maranatha !  
    Bid me not a moment stay.

"I shall fall—oh, thought most blessed !—  
    At the threshold of my home ;  
Loving faces bending o'er me,  
    Bidding me no longer roam.  
    Maranatha !  
    I must journey '*till He come.*'

"'Till He come,' whose tender greeting  
    Shall my fainting soul restore ;  
Nerving me for bliss unbounded,  
    With a strength unfelt before.  
    Maranatha !  
    Soon I rest for evermore !"





*SOON!*



KNOW not if He come at eve,  
Or night, or morn, or noon ;  
I know the breeze of twilight grey,  
That fans the cheek of dying day,  
Doth ever whisper—*Soon !*

I know not why our souls should doubt  
His promise to appear,  
When every flower's opening eye  
Looks up into the changing sky,  
And seems to murmur—*Near !*

I know not round his blessed feet  
What peerless glories throng ;  
I only know from rending tomb  
The good shall burst, in beauty's bloom ;  
And faith assures—*Not long !*



I know not if his chariot wheels  
Yet near, or distant, are;  
I only know each thunder-roll  
Doth wake an echo in my soul,  
That saith—*Not very far!*

I know not if we *long* must wait  
The summer of his smile;  
I only know that hope doth sweep  
With thrilling touch my heart-strings deep,  
And sings—*A little while!*

I know not on this glorious theme  
Why lips so oft are dumb;  
I only know the saddened earth,  
Will flush with beauty and with mirth  
At sound of, "*Lo, I come!*"





*I WOULD NOT BE ASLEEP!*



WOULD not be asleep  
The hour before the dawn !  
I would not miss the golden glow  
That heraldeth the morn !

I would not be asleep  
When riseth that great sun,  
Which ne'er shall set while endless years  
Their circling courses run.

I would not be asleep  
The moment Time and Death,  
Twin giants, dying side by side,  
Shall draw their parting breath.

I would not be asleep  
When Christ's dear dead shall rise,  
To meet His glorious form, whose might  
Rolls back the opening skies.



*I would not be Asleep.*

I would not lie asleep  
Beside the door of home;  
But watch with wakeful ear, to catch  
The first light lifting of the latch,  
And hear the voice say, Come !





“*THE LABOURERS ARE FEW.*”



HERE are the labourers? *Where?*

For the world's great harvest-field  
Is white, and the corn in the bursting ear  
Doth plenteous promise yield :

And the Lord of the harvest sends  
This message to each—"My son,  
Go work for Me 'mid the golden grain,  
Till the shortening day is done."

And oh for the ready hand,  
And the earnest purpose true,  
To toil for Him on the waving plains,  
Where the labourers stand so few.

It is but a little while,  
And the weary limbs shall rest ;  
And the aching head, and the fevered brow,  
Grow cool on the Saviour's breast.



It is but a little while,  
And the Lord of the ripening earth  
Shall come again, as a crownèd King,  
To the place of his lowly birth !

And who shall describe the joy  
To the faithful worker given :  
The sweet "Well done !" from those blessèd lips,  
Whose smile is the bliss of heaven.





*“AND THE DESIRE OF ALL NATIONS  
SHALL COME.”*



FOUDLY the scorner's laughter peals,  
The scoffer's taunts are bold ;  
For since the fathers fell asleep  
Are all things as of old.

With proud defiance on the lip,  
And on the impious brow,—  
“Who is the Lord?” they ask, “and where  
His promised coming now?”

“I know that my Redeemer lives,”  
Despite their sinful mirth,—  
“And at the latter day His feet  
Shall stand upon the earth!”

And from His Holy Word I learn—  
The scoffer's faithless jeer  
With startling clearness doth proclaim  
His blessèd Advent *near!*



Then rise, my soul, and trim thy lamp  
With ever-watchful care ;  
Lest coming suddenly, He find  
Thee sleeping unaware !

Not long, before the scorner's jests  
In deep dismay shall die ;  
Not long, before thy wakeful ear  
Shall catch the midnight cry !

Not long, before across the waste  
Thou haste thy Lord to greet,  
And fall in speechless ecstasy,  
Low at the Bridegroom's feet.





*"THY KINGDOM COME!"*



HEN once Messiah's weary feet  
The world in sadness trod,  
His every look, and word, and deed,  
Revealed Him Son of God !

At glance of Him the maniac's eye  
Grew calm and strangely mild,  
And gushing tears of gratitude  
O'erflowed its brilliance wild.

Beneath his tired foot the sea  
Forgot to foam and swell ;  
And sinking sailors blessed the calm  
O'er wave and ship that fell.

He spoke—and, at his word, the grave  
Restored the waking dead ;  
And at his voice the hosts of hell,  
Abashed and trembling, fled !



O weary Man ! O very God !

Eternal and Divine !

If here, in human weakness clad,

Such power and grace were thine ;

What wilt Thou be, when o'er our heads

Thy promised sign shall blaze ;

And Thou shalt come with saintly train,

And burst of angel praise ?-

Then, if thine arm be our defence,

Thy face we shall not dread ;

For songs and everlasting joy

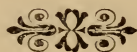
Shall crown each waiting head.

And melodies sublime shall swell

From river, sea, and shore,


When Thou, earth's rightful Lord, shall take

The Kingdom evermore !





*"SEE THAT YE BE NOT TROUBLED!"*

EE that ye be not troubled,"  
Though the night be wild and dark,  
And dangers around, above, below,  
Threaten God's holy ark.

Ye may weep, but ye may not tremble  
Ye may mourn, but ye may not doubt;  
For faithful is He who hath sworn to shield  
Your heads from the storm without !

Then, what though the tempest rageth,  
And the ocean roar and swell !  
And men, to defy the Lord most high,  
League with the hosts of hell !

For One is at hand to succour,  
And ye walk by faith, not sight ;  
And the lamp of his love, with ray serene,  
Shall guide through the deepest night.



*"See that ye be not Troubled!"*

Then, "see that ye be not troubled;"

A moment, and storms shall cease :

And never a wave its crest may curl,

When the Saviour speaketh "Peace!"





*"PRAY FOR THE PEACE OF JERUSALEM!"*



SONS of Abraham, seeking sadly  
In a stranger-country rest,—  
Exiles of a land down-trodden,  
Once by heaven's favour blest.

Passing strange the touching story  
Of your honoured nation's fall ;  
Cold the heart that beats not kindly  
With deep interest toward you all !

Oftentimes I sit and ponder  
On the glory of your race,  
When the great and Holy City  
Was Jehovah's dwelling-place ;—

When the splendour of your Temple  
Was the wonder of the earth ;  
Where ye thronged with festal gladness,  
And the song of sacred mirth.



*"Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem!"*

Oh, ye were the grandest nation  
That the world has ever known !  
Where are *now* your songs, your Temple ?  
Kingly diadem and throne ?

Judah ! is thy sweet harp silent ?  
Hushed the royal City's hum ?  
If thy Sceptre has departed,  
Surely then hath Shiloh come !

Yes ! He came—with footstep noiseless,  
Bent on Love's own mission sweet ;  
And his voice, as sang your prophet,  
Was not lifted in the street.

Well your bard Isaiah named Him  
"Man of Sorrows," worn with grief ;  
Slighted, and by men rejected,  
For whose woes He brought relief.

E'en the royal psalmist David  
Marked and mourned his sufferings all !  
Saw the vinegar they gave Him  
Mingled in the cup with gall.



Friends, among your mighty nation  
Great ones of the earth have stood ;  
Many sons have earned the title  
Of the just, and wise, and good ;

But the noblest Jew that ever  
Bore with meekness daily scorn,  
And for cursing gave back blessing,  
Was in Bethlehem's manger born !

Passed into the depths of glory,  
Still your near of kin is He ;  
Waiting to "restore the Kingdom,"  
When to Him ye bend the knee !

Friends, your tears have flowed for ages  
In a tide of hopeless grief !  
Never had such trouble crushed you  
But because of *unbelief* !

Time it is to stay your weeping ;  
Time to cast the veil aside ;  
Time to see the true Messiah  
In the God-man crucified ;



*"Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem!"*

Time to read how Priests and Prophets  
Hailed Him in the distance dim ;  
Time to see the lambs once offered  
Were but suffering types of Him !

Scattered wide through stranger countries,  
Driven far by wind and wave,  
Zion's sons are still beloved !  
Zion's God still strong to save !

Soon shall Israel's gathered outcasts  
Homeward march with shout and song,  
Mourning, 'mid their joy, the blindness  
That hath hid their Lord so long.

Oh, the radiant flood of glory  
That must break on *every* shore,  
When the Lord Himself in Zion  
Reigns as King for evermore !

When, as in Ezekiel's vision,  
Glorious shall her Temple be,  
With its living river flowing  
'Neath the altar\* to the sea.

\* Ezekiel xlvii. 1.



Flowing on with murmuring gladness  
All adown the holy street,  
Shaded by the fadeless\* foliage  
Of the trees whose fruit is meat :

Trees, whose yield each month reneweth ;  
Leaves, in whose sweet greenness lies  
Med'cine† earth too long hath needed  
That a certain health supplies.

Oh, blest hour of Israel's rapture !  
Come ! in all thy gladness come !  
Hasten, Lord, thy sons' returning  
To their fatherland and home !

Oh, dear day of Earth's rejoicing !  
What shall with thy bliss compare —  
When Jerusalem the blessed  
Shall be named "The Lord is there !"‡

\* Ezekiel xlvii. 12.    † *Ib.* xlvii. 12.    ‡ *Ib.* xlviii. 35.





*"I WILL COME AGAIN."*



He sat among his lowly friends,  
That night of shame and gloom,  
And drank the wine, and brake the bread,  
Within the "upper room."

And from his lips, so soon to fade,  
Such words of comfort fell,  
His Church hath bade them evermore  
Deep in her bosom dwell.

"Let not your hearts be troubled ! No,  
Nor faint and fearful be !  
In God, my Father, ye believe,  
Oh, thus believe in *Me* !

"Within his holy house on high,  
Are many mansions fair ;  
And now I go away, for you  
A dwelling to prepare.



"I go,—o'er each and all to watch  
With deepest tenderness ;  
And surely I will come again  
Your faith and love to bless !

"I'll come, when at the board prepared  
In joy and grief ye meet,  
And of the dying of your Lord,  
Hold converse grave and sweet.

"I'll come when death must claim its prey,  
And 'heart and flesh' shall fail,  
And light you through the deepest shades,  
Adown the gloomy vale.

"And when the brimming stream of time  
Its bank shall overflow,  
And meet the bright, eternal sea,  
That drowns création's woe ;

"To the green world that from the flood  
Emerges fresh and fair,  
With all my ransomed I will come  
And drink the new wine there."



*"AND YET THERE IS ROOM."*



FAINT beats the languid pulse of Time ;

Oh, die not yet, brief day,

Till Jesus for his own hath sealed

The loved for whom we pray.

The sister kind ; the laughing babes,

Who cluster round our knee,

And sometimes wonder why our looks

Are grave, amid their glee ;

The brother dear ; the old, old friend,

Dearer than brother still,

To whom we took our smiles in joy,

Our tears in time of ill :

Oh, heaven hath room for each and all ;

And if they all be there,

The wreath of joy around our brows

No yellow leaf shall bear.



Resplendent is the jewelled crown,  
The Saviour wears in bliss ;  
Oh, that among its clusters bright,  
No absent gem we miss !

Then linger on, fast-failing Time,  
And die not yet, short day ;  
Till Jesus for his own hath sealed  
The loved for whom we pray.





*FLIGHT IN THE WINTER.*



WAS midnight, cold, and dark, and wild,  
The moon withheld her ray,  
Nor lonely star gave flickering light,  
When Mary passed away.

Through howling blast, and clouds that met  
And warred in tempest strife,  
Her gentle spirit meekly soared  
Up to the gate of life.

'Mid lightning's gleam, and thunder's roll,  
To her the grace was given,  
To pass unharmed into the calm,  
The breath'less calm of heaven.

'Twas winter when she left us here,  
And wildly roared the blast ;  
But when she comes again to earth,  
Its winters will be past!



She'll come with Him who drank for her  
The full, deep cup of woe ;  
And gave it brimming back with joy,  
For aye to overflow !

She'll come with all the ransomed throng,  
In bridal garments drest ;  
With swell of music, burst of song,  
Triumphant, calm, and blest !

And earth, with sudden summer crowned,  
Shall smile her welcome sweet ;  
And spread a robe of gorgeous bloom,  
Beneath her Maker's feet.

Oh haste, dear day of human joy,  
Most exquisite and deep !  
And bring the missing and the loved,  
Who soft in Jesus sleep.

Haste ! We would know them all again,  
As even we are known ;  
In robes of perfect beauty veiled,  
And yet our *lost*, our *own* !



'Then tears of sweet excess of bliss,  
O'er radiant cheeks shall stray ;  
The *only* tears which Christ's dear hand  
Shall find to wipe away.

O Death ! of all our dreadful foes,  
The latest doomed to die ;  
Come, if thou wilt, in midnight's gloom,  
Beneath a wintry sky !

'There shall be no more winter soon,  
Nor Waster to destroy ;  
Nor gloom of night shall shake the bright,  
Warm summer of our joy.





*"BEHOLD! HE COMETH WITH CLOUDS!"*



ORE disquieted and weary  
Lies the earth in sad unrest ;  
Vexed with war's disturbing rumours,  
With "perplexity" distrest.  
O Messiah ! long expected,  
Is it near—thine empire blest ?

Saviour, who on Calvary's mountain  
All our guilt and woe didst bear,  
Shall we dread the wondrous vision  
Of thy glory in the air,  
Praying to the rocks to crush us  
In our horror and despair ?

No ! the awful revelation  
Of thy Majesty on high,  
Startling earth with sudden terror—  
Seen by every mortal eye—  
To THINE OWN shall be the token  
Of their great salvation nigh.



*"Behold! He cometh with Clouds!"*

O Thou "altogether lovely!"  
Still "the same"—the True alway,  
Through an infinite "for ever,"  
From an endless "yesterday;"  
Give us grace, through tears of rapture,  
To behold thy face, we pray!


Meeter may thy Spirit make us  
Daily for that hour sublime,  
When eternity shall loose us  
From the slackening hold of time,  
'Mid the song of saints and angels,  
And high heaven's triumphant chime.

So, when in the outer darkness  
Wail thy foes in starless gloom,  
We shall stand 'mid radiant thousands  
Risen from the rifled tomb;  
Evermore, in fadeless beauty,  
Through the Infinite to bloom.





*THE EXILE'S VISION.*

 HE blue Ægean's countless waves in Sabbath  
sunlight smiled,  
And murmuring washed the rocky shore of  
that lone island wild,  
Where unto him "whom Jesus loved" such views  
sublime were given,  
'That e'en the land of exile shone, "the very gate of  
heaven!"

He saw the radiant form of Him, upon whose sorrow-  
ing breast,  
At the last supper's solemn feast his weary head found  
rest;  
One "like unto the Son of man," all glorious to be-  
hold,  
Arrayed in robes of dazzling light, and girt with  
purest gold.



His head and hair were white as wool ; his eyes a  
fiery flame,  
Not tearful now, as when he trod this world of sin  
and shame ;  
His countenance was as the sun, his voice was as the  
sound  
Of many waters murmuring deep, in harmony profound.  
But when before his feet, as dead, the loved disciple  
fell,  
How gently deigned the Prince of life his servant's  
fears to quell !  
And gave him strength to see his face, whom highest  
heavens adore,  
The Lord who "liveth, and was dead, and lives for  
evermore !"  
Oh, then upon his raptured gaze what floods of glory  
streamed !  
He saw the land of love and light—the home of the  
redeemed !  
He stood by life's resplendent stream, whose tide in  
music rolled  
Throughout the holy city's length among its streets  
of gold.



He heard the mighty new-made song, to angel-hosts  
unknown,  
Go up like incense unto Him that sat upon the throne;  
And the pure strains by seraphs sung in that celestial  
sphere,  
In sweetest cadence rose and fell upon his listening  
ear.

Within the flashing walls of heaven, with jewelled  
splendour bright,  
He saw the countless multitude arrayed in saintly  
white;  
He marked them with their waving palms, in worship  
bending low  
Before the feet of Him who smiled beneath the  
emerald bow.

The pearly gates, the crystal sea, the universal hymn,  
The sun-bright forms, the brilliant eyes which tears  
may never dim,  
The healing trees, the fadeless flowers, the harpings  
of the blest,  
In splendid vision to his soul revealed the promised  
rest.




Long since that aged saint hath reached the fair  
    celestial shore,  
And gained the martyr's crown, for he the martyr's  
    suffering bore;  
Long since his happy feet have stood within his  
    Father's home,  
Yet *still* the mighty voice he heard, with ceaseless  
    cry saith, Come.

And life's bright fountain springeth yet, as free, and  
    fresh, and fair,  
As when in Patmos' dreary isle it cheered the exile  
    there!  
And hark! the Spirit and the Bride repeat in mercy  
    still,  
That he who is athirst may drink—yea, *whosoever* will!

Oh, blessed voices! be it ours your loving call to hear,  
And so obey, that when at last from yonder radiant  
    sphere,  
The heavenly Bridegroom shall descend to claim his  
    own again,  
We may lift up our heads and say, "Lord, even so,  
    Amen!"



*"ESCAPE FOR THY LIFE."*

 WAS early morn! The sultry air  
Nor spray nor leaflet stirred,  
And from the lurid thunderclouds  
The distant peal was heard.

O'er guilty Sodom, sleeping still,  
In fiery wrath they hung,  
When loudly through one dwelling there  
The urgent warning rung :

"'Scape for thy life! across the plain,  
To yonder mountain, fly!  
Look not behind thee on the way,  
Nor linger, lest thou die."

But sadly on the patriarch's ear  
That timely warning fell;  
What! must he part from friends at home,  
And wealth he loved so well?



*"Escape for thy Life."*

Again that vivid lightning flash,  
And thunder muttering deep :  
"Fly!" cried the angel visitants,  
"For vengeance will not sleep!"

It gleamed again; a crashing peal  
Rolled through the angry sky;  
And suddenly the rising breeze  
With wailing wild swept by.

In haste the mighty angels rose  
And seized the lingerer's hand ;  
His wife and daughters hurrying on—  
A small, repining band.

Beyond insensate Sodom's gates  
They lead the weeping train,  
And point them to the mountain blue,  
Across the fertile plain.

"Not so, not so," the patriarch prayed,  
"Lest evil should befall;  
The mount is distant; bid us fly  
To yonder city small."



The boon is granted. “Haste,” they cry;  
“Escape, nor longer stay.”  
Alas for that poor wayward soul,  
Who perished by the way!

From Zoar’s refuge Lot beheld  
The fiery deluge fall—  
The fearful flood—the dying shriek—  
He saw and heard it all!

He gazed upon the flaming tide,  
And trembling found no rest,  
Till in the shelt’ring mountain’s cave  
He stood secure and blest.

So when to the eternal hills  
Our souls from wrath would flee,  
Dear Saviour, let no Zoar tempt  
Our roving feet from Thee.

Oh, give our shrinking natures strength  
To bear the daily cross,  
And for the great reward to count  
All earthly good but dross!



*"Escape for thy Life."*

The fierce avenger is behind;  
For life, dear life, we fly;  
O Jesus, to thy shelt'ring arms  
Receive us, or we die!

Full many a pleasant Zoar lies  
Beside the heavenward way,  
With wealth, and ease, and good report,  
Inviting us to stay.

But he must lay aside each weight  
Who would attain the prize,  
And with this doomed and dying world  
Allow no compromise.

The fury of the bursting storm  
Descends where all was fair;  
The rushing flood sweeps o'er the plain,  
We may not loiter there.

Dear Saviour, in our homeward flight  
With hope inspire each breast,  
Till on the mountain of thy love  
In perfect peace we rest.



*THE FAITHFUL PASTOR.*

LINES OF FAREWELL.



HALL we not miss him? miss his kindly  
His true paternal smile, [greeting,  
His warmth of welcome in the social meeting,  
Enjoyed and prized long while?

Shall we not miss his words of consolation,  
In time of sickness given,  
When by the languid couch he took his station,  
A messenger from heaven?

Will they not miss his watchful love to bless them,  
The young lambs of his fold?  
Was he not wont to smile on and caress them,  
As did his Lord of old?

In the world's vineyard he was up and doing,  
From morn till evening grey;  
Faint—oh, how often!—and yet still pursuing  
Through all the weary day.



Telling the wretched in the crowded alley  
Of happier homes above,  
Lighting the dying through the darksome valley  
With Christ's sweet lamp of love.

Patiently toiling—oft in pain and weakness—  
Yet asking no reward,  
Contented ever to await in meekness  
The "Well done" of his Lord.

There was no threshold in the sphere assigned him  
His footstep did not cross;  
Well may such faithful pastor leave behind him  
A sense of weary loss.

Yes, we *must* miss him; but our consolation  
Standeth secure and great;  
For the glad day of earth's regeneration  
In certain hope we wait.

Assured that in the blood-bought restitution  
Of Paradise to men,  
Among the white-robed, spotless from pollution,  
We shall not miss him then.



*"SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD."*



IN the crowded street she dwelleth,  
Kind, content, and calm,  
Tenderness her heart's deep fountain,  
And her life a psalm!

Like the gorse upon the common,  
Lovely to behold,  
Spring and Summer, Autumn, Winter,  
Gemed with stars of gold.

With a smile for every season,  
Bright with blossoms fair,  
Ever gleaming like a "glory"  
Through its greenness rare:

So in sadness as in sunshine,  
Brow serene she wears,  
With her soothing voice and gladsome,  
Lightening others' cares.



*"She hath done what she could."*

So, unchilled by slight, she liveth,  
Cheerful, free from guile;  
And her gentle life hath settled  
Down into a smile.

Silently her deeds of mercy  
Day by day are done,  
And the sacrifice she maketh  
Is revealed to none.

All her acts of tender pity  
Are unbreathed by fame;  
And the busy world sweeps by her,  
Asking not her name.

But that name in light is written  
In a volume fair,  
And her deeds of loving-kindness  
All recorded there.

When her Lord to earth returning  
Comes to hush its strife,  
She shall have a joyous waking  
To a nobler life.



*"She hath done what she could."*

47

Hers shall be a wondrous "glory,"  
Highest thought above,  
When sweet human pity dieth  
Into wealth of love.





*LINES ON A GROUP OF DRIED FLOWERS  
FROM THE HOLY LAND.*



LOWERS, faded, fragile flowers,  
Time hath dimmed your brilliance rare,  
Yet our tender gaze beholds you  
Bright, and exquisitely fair!

Bloomed ye not in Bethlehem's meadows,  
And her vine-clad hills among,  
When the news of earth's redemption  
By an angel-host was sung?

Flung ye not your richest perfume  
On the air the Saviour breathed?  
And around his blessed footsteps  
Smiled ye not, in beauty wreathed?

In the summer noon's hot languor,  
Haply by the shaded pool,  
His meek eye hath marked your brilliance,  
Mirrored in the fountain cool.



In Gethsemane's sad garden,  
Where the olives whispered low,  
Folded ye your silken petals  
On your great Creator's woe?

With your golden, starry glory,  
Gemmed ye not the rocky way,  
In that journey to Emmaus,  
In the less'ning light of day?

So, sweet flowers, faded flowers,  
Light *us* when our faith is dim;  
Tell us of the Saviour's presence,  
Dear memorials of Him!

Light us, till all gloom and shadow,  
Doubt and darkness flee away,  
And the face of Jesus bless us  
With the brightness of his "day."





*"THE REST THAT REMAINETH."*



HE night wind moaneth mournfully,  
Chill falls the drizzling rain,  
The jasmine boughs flap listlessly  
Against the glistening pane;

And in my chamber still I lie,  
And muse on that dear day  
When storm, and blast, and cloud, shall pass  
For evermore away.

I seek the land of life and light,  
The sweet repose of heaven,  
The clime in which we'll love so much  
Who have had much forgiven.

Oh, ark of rest! oh, happy home!  
I shall go out no more,  
"When once the Master of the house  
Has risen, and shut the door."



Shut in with God! amazing thought  
Of rapture deep and high!  
In perfect love's own sunlight sweet  
For evermore to lie!

Shut in within the radiant walls  
Of that bright land of song,  
With all the dear ones and the good,  
Beloved and wept so long!

Oh, long-lost friends of earlier days,  
Whom I may see no more,  
Until I plant my weary foot  
On yonder blessed shore—

How shall I search, with eager glance,  
'Mong many a saintly train,  
Until, with joy untold, I meet  
Your loving smiles again!

How shall we mark each bygone grief,  
And every seeming ill—  
All upward steps by which we climbed  
The everlasting hill!



*"The Rest that remaineth."*


Rabboni! Master! mighty Lord!  
Our great High Priest above!  
When Thou hast gathered safely home  
The children of thy love,

Oh, how the vast eternal weight  
Of glory shall we bear!  
For what must be the bliss of heaven  
When Thou thyself art there!





*"WE WOULD SEE JESUS."*

E would see Jesus." Hark! the cry re-  
soundeth

From every people, every clime and  
tongue;

Love hath waxed cold, iniquity aboundeth,

And the wide, weary world inquires, "How long?"

"We would see Jesus!" From your lips it bursteth,  
O sable dwellers in the isles afar;

Among his shattered gods the savage thirsteth,

As once for blood, to hail the "Morning Star."

Hush! 'Tis the sigh of Israel awaking

In the lone vale, where Death hath held his reign,  
Among the bones "exceeding dry" a shaking!

List! 'Tis the Spirit breathing on the slain!



Brothers and sisters, 'tis the breeze of morning  
Fanning the brows with fevered watchings worn;  
Lo, in the East the first bright streak of dawning  
With golden glory heraldeth the morn.

Said I the *first*? The while we gaze, strange splendour  
Flames in the Orient. Caviller, be dumb!  
The fig-tree putteth forth her leaflets tender;  
Summer is nigh; the Son of God doth come!





*LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.*

PARAPHRASE OF HABAKKUK III.



GLORIOUS harp of prophecy!  
Whose wondrous strains sublime  
Were waked to matchless melody  
In days of olden time.

To theme of grander majesty  
Thy chords were never rung,  
Than when the glory of the Lord  
The bard Habakkuk sung :

“God came from Teman; Paran’s mount  
Beheld his brightness blaze;  
The heavens were covered with his light,  
And earth was filled with praise.



“In dazzling splendour He outshone  
The sun at noontide hour;  
And in his mighty hand there lay  
The hiding of his power.

“Before Him went the pestilence,  
His feet were wrapt in flame;  
He stood and measured all the earth,  
Which trembled as He came.

“The nations He asunder drove;  
The hills of ages fled;  
And the perpetual mountains bowed  
Beneath his awful tread.

“I saw the tents of Cushan fall,  
And Midian’s curtains shake;  
The rivers and the ‘great wide sea’  
Before his coming quake.

“His bow was bare, as o’er the waves  
His flying chariot passed;  
O God! the earth beneath Thee cleft,  
Affrighted and aghast.



“The trembling mountains saw Thee come;  
The dreadful flood passed by;  
The deep gave utterance to his voice,  
And tossed his hands on high.

“The sun and moon stood still, then fled  
Before thy glittering spear,  
When Thou in wrath the heathen threshed,  
And brought salvation near.

“O God! in love Thou can’st to save  
The people of Thy name,  
When round them, eager to devour,  
The sons of evil came.

“I saw them crushed, no more to rise,  
Beneath Thy dreadful hand,  
When through the heap of waters great  
Thou ledd’st Thy fiery band.

“I saw and feared; my quivering lips  
Gave forth no sound nor voice;  
I trembled in the troublous day,  
But yet shall I rejoice.



“Although the fig-tree shall not bloom,  
Nor fruit be in the vine;  
Although the olive fail, the field  
Yield not her corn and wine;

“Although no flock be in the fold,  
Nor herd within the stall;  
Yet, yet will I rejoice in God,  
My Saviour and my All.”





*SONGS IN THE NIGHT.*



CALMLY the household resteth,  
Hushed in the midnight deep;  
But weakness and weariness hold mine eyes;  
Waking, I may not sleep.

Yet, Father of lights, the darkness  
Hides not from thine nor Thee;  
And the silence and shadows of night are fraught  
With voices and forms for me.

For, lo! in mine ears sweet music,  
Heard not in daylight's hum!  
I will lift up mine eyes to the hills above,  
From whence those harpings come.

Ye are there in your shining raiment,  
Loved ones, who left us here,  
To follow the Lamb in the fields of light,  
In the ever-blissful sphere!

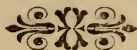


Sister beloved! I see thee  
One of that holy throng;  
Brother! I hear thy manly voice  
In the everlasting song.

There, in the Shepherd's bosom,  
White as the drifted snow,  
Is the little lamb that we missed one morn  
From the household flock below.

Saviour of sinners! hear me,  
Take what Thou wilt away,  
The sweet repose of the midnight hour  
After the weary day.


Let health and let friends forsake me,  
Only be this my gain,  
In a world's despair with my kindred there  
To walk in thy white-robed train.





*"THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH."*

MATT. XXV.

“HE Bridegroom cometh! go ye forth  
To meet him!” was the cry;  
It thrilled the ear and heart of all  
Who heard that solemn, midnight call;  
And sleep fled every eye.

Oh, mighty waking! once again  
The herald shout was heard;  
And wild exultant joy was there,  
And the low wail of deep despair,  
Responsive to that word.

Forth went the wise with burning lamps,  
And hailed the summons loud;  
With hearts that high with rapture beat  
They sped, till at the Bridegroom's feet  
In bliss untold they bowed.



Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,  
Nor heart of man hath known,  
What weight of joy shall crown the head,  
When God Himself the feast shall spread,  
And bid his guests sit down.

Oh! when the Lord of glory spake  
His parable of old,  
Looked down the future's vista dim,  
And saw what souls would ask of Him  
For wisdom's wealth untold;

When He surveyed the foolish crowd,  
So gay and thoughtless now,  
A dread, despairing, ghastly train  
Besiege the gate of heaven in vain;  
My soul! oh, where wert thou?





*"THE GLORY THAT SHALL BE REVEALED."*

PARAPHRASE OF ISAIAH XXXV.



HE barren wilderness shall smile, the track-  
less waste rejoice,  
The solitary place shall ring with many a  
gladsome voice;  
For joy and singing shall be heard, and blushing  
roses strown,  
And blossoms in abundance burst through all the  
desert lone.

With Lebanon's green glories shall the rocky steep  
be crowned,  
Carmel and Sharon's loveliness shall breathe in sweet-  
ness round,  
The beauty of the Lord our God earth's smiling face  
shall see,  
And his eternal excellence its ceaseless praise shall be.



Oh, strengthen ye the failing hands! confirm the  
feeble knees!

Say to the fearful heart, Be strong! Ye trembling,  
dwell at ease!

Behold, with an avenging arm your God will surely  
come,

And bring a mighty recompence, and lead you safely  
home.

Then shall the sightless eyes uncloze; the deaf shall  
hear the voice

That bids the lame to leap for joy; the dumb with  
song rejoice;

For in the thirsty wilderness shall gushing springs  
abound;

Streams lave the burning desert's face, and pools the  
parchèd ground.

And in the dragon's arid haunt shall reeds and rushes  
grow;

A glorious highway shall be there—the clean alone  
may know;




"The way of holiness" shall bear no loathsome track  
of sin,  
And e'en wayfaring men, though fools, shall never err  
therein.

No ravenous beast shall go thereon, no lion from his  
lair,  
But the redeemed of the Lord shall walk in safety  
there;  
His ransomed shall return with song, joy crowning  
every head,  
For sighing shall be heard no more, and sorrow's  
night hath fled.





*"BEHOLD, I COME AS A THIEF!"*

'  WAS night ; a thoughtful mother sat beside  
her infant's bed,  
And bending o'er the Sacred Book the  
solemn warning read :—  
“For had the goodman only known the 'hour the  
thief would come,  
He would have *watched*, nor suffered him to break  
into his home.”

And sorrowful that mother grew, to think how daily  
care  
So often stole the earnestness from watchfulness and  
prayer ;  
That trifles, like an armèd host, should worst her in  
the fray—  
Through all unguarded passes rush, and conquer day  
by day.



A tear was trembling in her eye, as on that tranquil  
night

She rose, to draw around her babe the sheltering  
curtains white ;

And in her heart a strong resolve, while others slept,  
to stand,

Expectant for the midnight cry, with burning lamp in  
hand.

The bustle of the day was hushed, the household  
sunk in sleep,

But through that mother's troubled dreams a Voice  
went murmuring deep,—

"For had the goodman only known the hour the  
thief would come,

He would have *watched*, nor suffered him to break  
into his home."

And then she seemed to hear a shout—a clang of  
trumpet-blast !

A rush of thousand mighty wings that swept her as  
they passed ;

A hurrying forth of countless feet, a burst of childish  
glee—

A hallelujah loud and long—exultant, wild and free !



Oh sudden, strange, triumphant song! She heard it  
faintly die

In melting sweetness, far away in depths of distant  
sky.

Then o'er the room a darkness fell, and on her heart  
a chill,

With terror that the silent house had surely grown *too*  
still!

And in the horror of her dream she sought her baby's  
bed;

The downy pillow still was warm—the happy infant  
fled!

The pretty shoes lay on the chair, as she had left  
them still;

The little socks those rosy feet again might never fill.

Straight from her stricken heart arose a wild, despair-  
ing cry,

In very hopelessness of grief, and tearless agony:

"Oh had she only, *only* known the hour the thief  
would come,

She would have *watched*, nor suffered him to break  
into her home!"



And with that burst of anguish deep the frightful  
vision fled,  
And morning's early radiance flushed her sleeping  
infant's bed;  
Through sudden gush of happy tears, she saw the  
soft, light hair,  
And felt, with boundless gratitude, her treasure still  
was there !

The dream hath fled ; the mother's heart doth still its  
memory keep,  
And oft-times will she "watch and pray," while all  
around her sleep ;  
She knows that at the midnight hour her absent Lord  
will come,  
And, in the "twinkling of an eye," remove His loved  
ones home.

Well may she pray that, *when* He comes, not one she  
loves be left  
To pass through earth's tremendous woes, of kindred  
dear bereft :  
Well also may *we* ever pray to meet Him in the skies,  
When joyful at the angel's call the "dead in Christ"  
shall rise.



Then let us stand with ear prepared to hear that  
startling cry,

When joy shall million bosoms fill, and in all others  
die !

So, if at morn, or noon, or eve, or night, the thief  
shall come,

Our wakeful watchfulness shall lose no treasures from  
our home.





*SAFE AT HOME.*



ONE from shadow into sunshine,  
Safe from evil sure to come ;  
From earth's chilling winds and tempests  
Sheltered in her Father's home,  
From His tender care and guidance  
Nevermore afar to roam.

Summoned to attend her Sov'reign,  
In His court on Zion's hill ;  
Early called, to leave behind her  
Sin and suffering, change and ill :  
Oh ! how selfish the affection  
That had here detained her still !

Ye, who with her graceful presence,  
Lost the gladness from your heart,  
Saw the sunlight of your dwelling  
With your gentle girl depart :  
From your eyes so dim with weeping,  
Let the tears no longer start.



O'er your child, so softly sleeping,  
Ere the grass hath time to wave,  
She may spring, in perfect beauty,  
Joyous from the rifled grave,  
Circled with the peerless radiance  
Of a Saviour, strong to save.

Ere another tear that trembles  
O'er your cheek hath time to flow,  
Ye may feel a change most wondrous  
Round you like a glory glow ;  
Swiftly to your Lord ascending,  
Leaving earth and care below.

Will not, then, the pain of parting  
Vanish into joy's excess,  
When ye greet your missing daughter,  
Smiling in her beauteous dress,  
Lovely in the spotless raiment  
Of the "Lord her Righteousness"?



Oh, how brief will seem the sorrow  
Of the farewells we deplore,  
When, to hearts that ache to meet them,  
Christ our loved ones shall restore ;  
Forming one bright, happy circle,  
Death shall enter nevermore.





*THE WRECK OF THE "LONDON."*



ROWDED on the sinking vessel,  
Calm in majesty of woe ;  
With no Saviour near to waken,  
Sleeping on a pillow low :  
Down into the whirling waters,  
Down into the foaming tide,  
Childhood's truth and woman's softness,  
Manhood's steadfastness and pride !

Down into the chilling ocean,  
Hearts with sweet affections warm ;  
'Mid the thunder of the billows,  
And the riot of the storm !  
Waves and hurricane in conflict  
Warring at their own wild will,  
And no voice to hush the discord,  
With its wondrous "Peace, be still !"



Up, into the calm of Heaven,  
Soar a ransomed, bloodbought band ;  
God Himself from off their faces,  
Wipes the tears with tender hand.  
All their agony is ended,  
Oh, the overwhelming joy  
Of their entrance to the city,  
Where "no waster may destroy!"

Scarcely were their unheard farewells  
Uttered 'mid the deaf'ning blast,  
Than they meet again in glory,  
Tempest-din for ever past !  
Faithful pastor, friends and kindred,  
Timid souls and spirits brave,  
Falling at His feet in rapture,  
All Omnipotent to save !

On the bank of life's sweet river,  
Never yet by storm-wind swept,  
Doubts forgotten, troubles ended,  
Partings over, last tears wept :



Radiant with unearthly beauty,  
Still their highest song shall be  
Of His love who safely brought them  
Where "there shall be no more sea."





*THE LAST BOUQUET,*

ARRANGED BY HER MAJESTY, AND PLACED ON THE PRINCE CONSORT'S  
COFFIN.



VIOLETS, violets, lovely violets,  
Closely clustering, deeply blue;  
Go and crown the crimson coffin  
With your royal purple hue!  
Fragrant with affection's breath,  
Deck the resting-place of death.

Violets—sweet and fragile violets,  
'Twas a weeping lady bound  
All your tender stems together,  
Circling you in beauty round.  
One pale blossom centred there,  
Pure—and exquisitely fair.



She, upon whose wide dominions  
Never yet hath set the sun,  
With her heart in gloom enshrouded,  
Sadly wreath'd you—one by one;  
While her tears like rain-drops fell  
For the lost one—loved so well.

Violets—as her grief bedew'd you,  
Brightened ye that darkness dense?  
Spake ye to that Royal Lady  
With your voiceless eloquence?  
Telling how the Spring would dawn  
When the Winter time was gone?

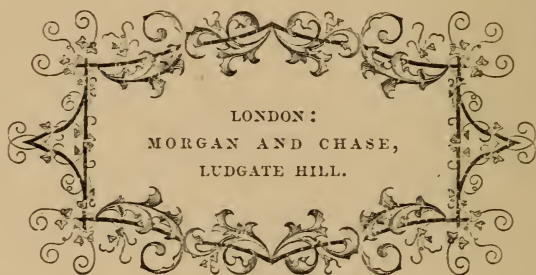
Oh, ye told her of that morning,  
When the snow that mantles earth  
Swift should melt in heaven's sunshine,  
Giving buried hopes new birth!  
Hopes that yet should spring and wave,  
Blossoming above the grave.



Violets—sweet and lovely violets,  
Closely clustering—darkly blue,  
While ye crown the crimson coffin,  
Comfort give, ye blest and true!  
Emblems, through this wintry strife,  
Of the spring of endless life.







LONDON:  
MORGAN AND CHASE,  
LUDGATE HILL.



12785  
Nov 1902











